THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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RICHARD DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1695.

Choice Poetry.

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY CHARLES MACKAY

Lord, we are thankful for the air,
For bread of life, for water free,
For morning hours, for evening light,
For alternation of the night:
For place in Thy infinity,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For roses and anemone as they rose,
For watery clouds and summer sun,
For small flies and the autumn crane
In due succession evermore,
For flowers and fruit, for hard and tree,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For beauty and delight of sound,
That fans the supreme moved,
For scent of the peppy birds,
For full of evermore, for push of words,
For music of the earth and sea;
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For sight, for touch, for taste, for smell;
For sense of light ineffable;
For depth of mind and strength of hand,
For power to know and understand,
For every joy we feel or see;
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For daily toil that we endure,
For labor's recompense serene,
For wholesome need of appetite,
For food and drink and slumbers light,
For vigorous health and pulses free,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For full-wisdom with human kind,
For sense of conscience of the mind,
For just, that were not just sincere
Unless for nature's pervasive love,
For hope, and love, and sympathy
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For conscience and its voice of awe—
Thy whisper when we break the law
For knowledge of Thy power divine,
And wisdom mighty as benign,
For all we are, or hope to be,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

LONDON LITERARY CELEBRITIES.

One of the pleasantest recollections of my first visit to London is of a breakfast with Barry Cornwall, at the lodgings of our mutual friend and countryman, Mr. Field of Boston. The hour set for the breakfast was ten o'clock, but I was determined to be there at nine, if not before. He came in at last, hurriedly, and began at once to apologize for his want of punctuality, by saying, that he had been awakened by a call from a friend, whom he could not dismiss unceremoniously. The haggard pallor of his face, testified to a peculiar, earnest, wistful way, which, in connection with his large, dark eyes, and the table in the best possible humor, and with very tolerable appetites.

Mr. Procter ("Barry Cornwall,") is a man of universal near forty, I should say, of about the ordinary height, and rather delicately formed. His head is a very fine one—full and broad, and remarkably high above the ears. His face in repose appears a peculiar, still thoughtful one, intense to abstraction—and indicates more refinement and purity of character than force or passion. His eyes, for all their large size, are dull, more is now and then a kindling of enthusiasm, and a tremulous glance of tenderness, which, were it whose soon to be subtracted up, or rather seem to the cold quiet of English high breeding, there are occasionally impulsive, nervous, which reveal the poet of love, whose genius has yet put forth in tropic profusion the purest and most exquisite flowers of emotion, fragrance, and truth, and beauty with the honey of the heart.

Barry Cornwall's manner is at first shy to timidity. He has the air of being half frightened—half bored by his own fame. He winces when you refer to it ever so delicately, as though you were touching some matter painful, or discreditable to him. You feel that therefore you would dodge. It is certainly as shrinkan ever dodged a creditor or bailiff.

That is the only phase of consciousness which he shows. He is simple, unpretending, thoroughly gentlemanly. It were impossible, I should say, that he could ever jar upon one's sensibilities, or offend one's taste, or hurt one's self love.

For awhile, the poet was so silent and reserved—so coldly abstracted or indifferent, he seemed, as I have already intimated of him, half repelling, up through drooping eye-lashes, (the gentleman in silence endeavored to take my measure.) I began to think that the cozy little breakfast, to which I had looked forward with so much pleasure, was to be a failure, and that I should return home with a cup of tea of excellent tea, and the delightful proximity of my friend Fields, gradually, but surely to wear off, till he gave us a few toasts of very quality, in a way and manner which made him lovably to remember, but whose delicacy I cannot attempt to describe. Fields is a "jolly fellow," or cold cod, I am serving up for my readers.

Mr. Procter talked of Byron, Scott, Campbell, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth and Moore, with a kindly, loving, personal interest, which were quite new to us—but he had not long and most lovingly upon Charles Lamb, whom he loved as a brother, as a delightful companion, a genial genius. He spoke of the friendship of Lamb and Coleridge with all their eccentricities and lauded. He loved to give a just and full idea of the men—to show their weaknesses as well as their strength, whimsical "Elia." "They have," he said, "faithfully preserved the wonderful Coleridge, earnest, kindly look, as of full eyes; such is Walter Savage Lander.

Now and then, as the conversation took a more personal turn, and lost for a moment, in a profound fit of abstraction, seemed to grow dead to our gaze, and to be wrapped in the mantle of Cornwall. Coming back, "the ages and the ages long departed" seemed to have left their impress on his face. The generous enthusiasm was enlisted, his eye flashed with the unquenchable fire of genius, his head bent forward, and he was in the midst of fresh youth, and his words came forth ponderous, but stern-edged, glowing, beautiful, and full of subject, and laying the very heart of it bare. His convictions and prejudices are strong, and he expresses them with a force and freedom as free speaker, an intense lover of the good and the true, and a hearty hater of the bad and the false. Of the latter, the unjust. In conversation, his language is terse and strong—and at times picturesquely luminous. His sometimes make a single word gleaming like a meteor through misty depths of thought, and making all clear, for the moment, at least. He does not, it seemed to me, seek to guide you in his ways, but in spite of yourself you walk therein, and see by his light, white with him.

Now Mr. Landor, at this dinner, sat his most intimate friend, Mr. John Kenyon, of London—a man of elegant taste, and generous feelings, and happily, with a fortune sufficient to gratify them all—a poet and a friend of poets, a ripe scholar, a finished gentleman, and a most delightful person. The affection between him and Mr. Landor is to others almost as singular as it is beautiful. The two are strikingly unlike in many things. Mr. Kenyon is the most genial and manliest of men—half his conversation being made up of gay jests and light criticisms. He has little sympathy with some of Landor's extravagances of "wisdom," or his collisions—often assailing them with a remorseless array of practical truths, and tilting at the poet, with a quiet, good humor, which sometimes rouses, but never wounds.

I remember a little conversation which I had with Mr. Dickens in the drawing-room, which, as the subject touched upon has since interested all the world, I trust I may be pardoned for giving here at least Mr. Dickens's part of it. "I have just finished a new American book," he said, "sent me by the author—a Mrs. Stowe. Pray have you read it?" "Oh, yes," I replied, "and may I ask your opinion of the work?"

"Oh, I like it very much—it is a novel displaying a good deal of genius—there are portions of it highly dramatic and artistic—but as a whole, I cannot think it a work of art."

**I explained that the story was commenced as a novelist, but, as the subject opened to the author, it was gradually enlarged to its present dimensions, which circumstance may have interfered with a skilful and artistic development of plot, and a perfect consistency in all the parts. Mr. Dickens bowed assent, but added: "I think Mrs. Stowe makes too much of her subject,—her Uncle Tom strikes me as an impossible piece of loftiness and perfection. An African character is doubtless rich in many passive and qualities, as yet but partially developed, but I hardly esteem it as far beyond that of all other nations, in magnanimity, generosity and nobleness. I have represented it in the first dramatization

CARD FROM MISS BREMER.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end, at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive arrangements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth, Emerson Bennett, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison and Fanny Fern.

We are now publishing, according to promise, the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Written expressly for the Post, by EMERSON BENNETT, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c. Back numbers, containing the opening of the story, will be sent to new subscribers until farther notice.

This novelet we design following by another called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Home Pictures," numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary horizon,—whose scintillations have been hailed with delight by thousands. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES.

BY FANNY FERN.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in England, also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:

OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MRS. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. MR. DENISON, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, CONGRESSIONAL REPORTS, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in asking a continuance of that warm and hearty support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper recommendation of the Post to neighbors and friends, to swell up our list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

ANOTHER GEM NUMBER.

We think the present number of the Post rather exceeds anything we ever before gave to our subscribers—proving, we hope, that we are fully up to the level of our high position, and alive to the claims of this very energetic and "progressive" age. Look at the following table of attractions:

An Original Sketch by Grace Greenwood.

An Original Sketch by Fanny Fern.

An Original Novelet (continued) by Emerson Bennett.

An Original Poem by Mrs. Denison.

An Original Novelet (continued) by Mrs. Southworth.

And we may add to the above, in our inside columns,

An Original Letter From Europe, by the Rev. Mr. Richmond.

Our readers, we trust, will see in the above list of attractions, an earnest of our determination to merit our immense subscription-list, by sparing no reasonable expense to add to the interest and variety of our columns—that the contents, as well as the circulation of the Post, shall distance all competition. Onward's the word!

NOTICE.—We learn that a number of the packages of the Post, of December 3rd, destined for Missouri, &c., were consumed in the mail car burnt on the railroad near Chicago. We regret that we cannot supply the loss, our edition of that date being entirely exhausted.

For the information of others, we may as well state here, that our editions of December 10th and 17th are also exhausted. Sorry enough, gentlemen; but really we cannot help it.

"THE CRY IS STILL THEY COME."—So says Shakspeare—but with us, the *shout* is still they come. We think it no "crying" matter, to chronicle the receipt of about 7,000 more names, the product of another short week's receipts. TWENTY-THREE THOUSAND names in *three* weeks, or an average of over 1,000 for every day—Sundays inclusive! If any publisher in the country can beat that, he may "take our hat"—and boots, too; of course, not including the "seven-league ones," with which we get over the ground at such a prodigious rate. Really, it seems as if the whole population were taking us at our word; and being convinced by our demonstration some months since, that they all ultimately would have to subscribe, are hurrying in their names about as fast as two clerks can enrol them. Well, don't be discouraged in a good work, gentlemen. In the language of the immortal Bard,

"Come one, come all! leave us to welcome you!"

ALARMING PROGRESS OF JOHN MITCHELL.—This Irish "patriot" has not been in the country much more than a month, and already he lays down the law, one column long, relative to the right and wrong of the Erie troubles! We bet we can puzzle John in one question. John, where is Erie?

☞ In Japan, if a man dies in office, deeply in debt, it is concealed, until the accumulation of his salary has paid his creditors—all things going on as if he were still alive. We wish some of those that owe us, would go to Japan, and die in office.

Miscellaneous.

Clippings.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

New Publications.

Our Correspondents.

OLD WORLD SKETCHES.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1857.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 26th, Mr. Clingman presented the proceedings of a public meeting held in Charleston, to receive the remains of Calhoun. Mr. Hunter, of Va., presented the memorial of the Legislature of Virginia, and a petition of members of the bar of Cincinnati, in favor of the passage of a bankrupt law.

Mr. Rusk introduced a bill allowing a credit for duties paid on railroad iron now imported and laid upon the United States. Referred to the Finance Committee.

Mr. Wright introduced a bill to provide for the payment of claims arising out of cause against the United States.

Mr. Thompson, of Kentucky, introduced a bill for the settlement of claims to the public lands in the State of Texas, embraced within the limits of the Republic of Texas.

Mr. Bayard introduced a bill to provide for the appointment of a surveyor, engraving and binder, and for the full printing, engraving and binding, and the distribution of the Coast Survey reports. Referred to the Committee on Printing.

Mr. Mallory introduced a bill to provide for the better organization of the Navy.

Mr. Bayard introduced a bill in favor of the printing of 10,000 copies of a report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey.

Mr. Mallory introduced a bill establishing a Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Mr. Pratt introduced a bill to authorize and direct the President to communicate to the corresponding authorities with Mexico, a copy of the treaty with Texas, Tuscaloosa, and also all information of the action of the Government of the United States concerning the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and for the survey of the line.

Mr. Rusk introduced a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the Postmaster General to inform the Senate what contracts have been made for the transportation of the mails between New York and the Southern States, particularly between New York and Charleston, and between New York and New Orleans, and the reasons for making such contracts.

On the 27th, Mr. Mason introduced a bill to allow the claim of Thomas Allen, of Missouri.

Mr. Bright introduced a bill granting land to regulate the navigation of the Des Moines river, in the State of Iowa.

Mr. Bayard introduced a bill to provide for the payment of the sum of $100,000 across of land to the heirs of the late Commodore Stephen Decatur, and the family are to relinquish the claim to the half pay of the officer.

Mr. Mallory introduced a bill to provide for the relief of a drop of seaman.

Mr. Bayard introduced a bill to extend the Post Road from Tuscumbia to Indianapolis; the Telegraph Road from Indianapolis to Peoria, in Illinois, to the Ohio State Line; and to the Toledo and Illinois State Line to Toledo; and the Michigan State Line to Toledo at Lake Erie, making a Post Road from Washington City to Detroit, by the most direct route, particularly between New York and Indianapolis, and for the transportation of the mails on the same.

On the 28th, Mr. Mason introduced a bill to allow the claim of Joseph Hall, of Missouri.

Mr. Bright introduced a bill granting land to regulate the navigation of the Des Moines river, in the State of Iowa.

Mr. Bayard introduced a bill to provide for the payment of the sum of $100,000 across of land to the heirs of the late Commodore Stephen Decatur, and the family are to relinquish the claim to the half pay of the officer.

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Mr. Mason, of Iowa, presented a resolution calling on the President for a copy of the correspondence between Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Crampton, relative to the enlistment and bounties that had been expended. Adopted.

A message was received from the President, by the hands of Mr. Mickenbury, who reported and taken up. The message was read, and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

On the 12th, the Senate, on motion of Mr. Cass, went into Executive session, and the message was subsequently transmitted to the Senate by the President, stating that the treaty with Nicaragua had been ratified by that Country.

Mr. Cass rose to address the Senate, and in general terms, but with much force and eloquence, and unnecessary, answering at the same time to errors and misrepresentations which had appeared in the reference thereto. He defended his remarks made during the last session, and referred to the fact that he stated that the protocol signed by the negotiators of the treaty with Nicaragua was not the treaty, but was to result in the ratification of the treaty. He referred to the correspondence between Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Crampton, and to the fact that the latter had been dismissed from the service of the United States. The Senate adjourned over to Monday.

On the 29th, Mr. Weller gave notice of a bill to establish a mail route from Stockton to Los Angeles and Pacific ocean, by way of Nevada.

Mr. Clay, a bill to provide for the payment, by and by John Jay, a Worthy gentleman of the former Chief Justice of the United States, of the sum of $4,000 for the services rendered by him in the negotiation of the Indian and pacification of treaty at the close of the war of 1812. Mr. Clay said he had been induced by a number of gentlemen, including Col. Washington, to introduce the bill. He had not done so, however, from any personal interest, but from the conviction that it is due to the Territorial Committee, before which the bill will be referred, to have the opportunity of examining the claim. He has gone notice that it is due to the bill. He gave notice that he would call up the bill on the first Monday in February next.

Mr. Bayard submitted a resolution which was agreed to, calling for copies of the correspondence with the Government of Nicaragua, relative to the ratification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

On the report of the officers on the site for the Smithsonian Institute, the Senate decided that the Avenue are in favor of Horseshoe Square. One Avenue is in favor of Square No. 356, and the Avenue in favor, he recommends North Front, but if the Senate should prefer the Square No. 356, he will at least advise the Square No. 356 as the most suitable.

Mr. Clayton said, that after listening to the Senator from Michigan for one-half of his speech, he was not prepared to say that he was in favor of the site in the south of the city, but he was in favor of the site originally chosen beside with the Senator upon the question of the Smithsonian Institute, and he was in favor of the site in the Fairmount Valley, which was the finest in the Union. He was in favor of the site in the Fairmount Valley, which was the finest in the Union. He was in favor of the site in the Fairmount Valley, which was the finest in the Union.

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Original Poetry.

MY LAMBS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. MARY J. DENDOW.

I loved them so!
The tiniest "white shepherd" of the fold
Found entrance with the rest into my child-soul,
And longed for one of my sweet lambs to hold—
I had him so.

He climbed the pen;
A little fainting baby that in my breast
Found shelter, either by night or day,
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
He'd be one yet.

I left him down,
In three white, crowded rooms with bitter tears;
For tears would rain out from my heart, and
He should have thought of passion, grief, or fears,
But I had known.

And yet upon
That older shepherd sometimes—my heart grew faint!
He climbed shepherd rocks with safety, [illegible]
Another! she who, gentle as a saint,
He'd be one yet.

Aghast I turned away!
There sat the, lonely as an angel's dream;
The golden locks were combed, the dimpled hands
Her baby eyes with heaven in their beam;
I knelt at peace—

"Is it Thy will!
My Father, say—must this pet lamb be given?
Oh! Thou hast many souls, dear Lord, in heaven,
And a soft voice said—"safely host thou strove,
But peace—be still."

Oh! here I wait
And obeyed her to my bosom, with a wild
Sobbing in self-reproach, and I—poor, penitent child!
Me, me, I grieve—the little angel smiled—
And slept.

Oh, yes!" I cried;
For even upon the "white shepherd" my heart grew faint!
Oh! I should have known with safety, [illegible]
Another! she who, gentle as a saint,
Like a pale spectre—there he lay cold
Close to his side.

Cold yet, how! my sinless treasure!
The look with which he hoard my passions cry
"Touch not my lamb—let him, oh! let me die!"
"A little while," he said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Yes, Father!
Thou hast taken me—the lamb Thou hast loaned—to me,
By Him—I would not see my darling go
By Him! but Him Thou hast—but oh!
I fain would.

More deeply he,
Than if my pleading had not caused that sight famine—
Though cured I but have heard him call my name,
Mother, mother!—but in heaven 'twill be the same—
There home my rest.

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought—only three
Of the dear fold not spared to comfort me;
And yet my lonesome threads! I said I'll leave
My heart would bend.

Oh! weak what theft!
I hated him once!—but I did not know
(For it was dark) that he had robbed me so!
The idol of my rest—I could not go!
Oh! heart, be still!

Come morning; one I tell
How this poor home (in sorrowful sense) was free!
For waking tears were mine—I sleeping wept
And days, months, years ran their weary vigil long.
Alone—I sorrowed—

How often is it said;
I sat and think, and wonder, in my heart!
How it will seem—when in the happier clime
It never will end—I'm parted o'er
Over the deed.

No tears! no tears!
Will there be some time I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
Yes—then; thank God! no grief o'er clime shall
Jump;

No weary years.

Ay! it is well!
Well with my index and with mine! Well with
Those pleasant years—wonder they ever were!
Or strike sweet harps upon to silver tide—

Ay! it is well.

Come day,
They often come from glorious light to me!
Thank God for that!—their faces now—
Yet my lost whisperings—I'll not know
Heaven is not far away!"

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS:
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFFORD," "SHADOWHEAD," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

"What is life, father?" "A battle, my child.
And when does the battle cease but in death?
Where the warriest eyes may be beguiled,
And the meekest heart may grow proud,
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And near one, day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the forefront of the fight."
Anonymous.

Daniel Hunter, with his family, was again at Howlet Hall, and engaged in the experimental cause of his works of improvement in that neighborhood. And Maud was still the object of the scrupulous of her father and mother, in all their walks, rides and drives around the country. For Maud was no longer the bright-lipped, merry-eyed maiden, called fit her radiant beauty the "*Star of Silver Creek*." Diana Falconer had departed for a foreign land, without having perviously bidden her friends adieu, she had grown pale and pensive, and with all her efforts to be cheerful, her very sweetest smiles were sadder than mother's tears. The young girl was never surer distressed her mother very much. One day she found her daughter in her chamber, and embracing her, said:

"My darling, why don't you talk to me about Falconer? You are always thinking about him—talk to freely to me as you please. Do not keep anything against me, my child. You do not think there is any one in the world who loves you more, understands you more, or can sympathize with you and advise you better than your mother?" And she drew the pale girl to her bosom, more tenderly caressing her.

"Dearest, sweetest mamma, I do not close my heart against you. The Lord forbid it! All the angels know I have not a secret from you in my bosom—but—"

"But what, my love?"

Maud placed her head in her mother's, and turned away her head to conceal the rising tears, as she said, in a faltering voice,

"I wished to conquer—in silence—this—this—this—impatience for the return of Falconer. Then turning around, with a bright smile, the maiden added, archly,—Daniel Hunter's daughter must not let a lover get on your heads, mamma!"

"Not my little girl! *That* she must not," said the lady, answering the smile with one as bright.

"And then, mamma, I have one excuse to offer for suffering myself to fall into this ungovernable state of fret and pine. Mother dear mother, it is not as if Falconer were a *recent* acquaintance—the lover of a few month's standing. We were each old friends, mamma! We were playmates and companions, and schoolmates, and almost girl and boy lovers, and we quarrelled, and slapped each other in the face; and then grieved, and caressed, and kissed and made up, and were better friends than before, ever since we were babies. Only to see grow up, we grew more reserved to our cruelty, and when we disagreed, we stroked each other on the *heart* instead of the face. For that did not affect happiness, sweet mother!" and then she smiled again very archly, as she added, "We were like a pair of twins that were hatched in the same box, and wherever you saw one perched, you might be sure that the other was flying around near. We used to fly about everywhere together. I was naturally a naughty little thing, mamma, and would *feeling* and of broken bones: and yet when Falconer would take his feelings-piece and go off up the mountain in the morning before I was up, I would be sure to go after him, climbing the mountain, and breaking through the prickly pine and cedar thickets, guided only by the occasional report of his gun, at the risk of my life, and getting a prescription, or seeing a load of dead shot in my head, and with the certainty of spending a painful wakeful night, when I would so once go quarrel with me for endangering my limbs, or what hurt me more, throw away his gun and dead ducks and rip, to thus save me from once shooting me. I always felt his tenderest and his triumph with he homecame that my own—indeed, I had none but him—" Here, by his own fond accessory and her mother's sympathy, the maiden was inguited into many a reminiscence of the past. Before she concluded, the tears were again overflowing in her eyes, and she covered her face.

Mrs. Hunter folded her daughter to her bosom, until her fit of sobbing was over, and then she kissed her, and said, cheerfully,

"And yet, my darling, in all this there is still much that is very sad. Falconer is gone. In the first place, you feel sure that Falconer loves you, and only you, his child-like heart tells that he still so loves you forever—don't you?"

"Oh, yes! I am certain of it, mother! I do! I do!" I have heard of many a misunderstood plot to make mischief between a pair of hearts, but never knew of a misunderstood plot to part and hold no one out as a bad bargain, until I met my own case—mamma makes me doubt Falconer's loyalty."

"Well, then—how much comfort in that!—that is itself enough to console you for Falconer's absence. Then, my child, his visit home was for a very few months—he is coming back—don't you?"

"Oh, yes! I am certain of it, mother! I believe it!